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*Que mea culpa tamen, nisi si luisse vocari  
Culpa potest: nisi culpa potest & amasse, vocari?*



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# The Dedication

## To LOVE.

**T**HOU, whose sole Name all Passions doth com-  
 Youngest and Eldest of the Deities, (prize,  
 Born without Parents, whose unbounded Reign  
 Moves the firm Eearth, fixeth the floating Main,  
 Inverts the Course of Heav'n ; and from the Deep  
 Awakes those Souls that in dark Lethe sleep,  
 By thy mysterious Chains seeking t' unite  
 Once more, the long-since torn Hermaphrodite.  
 He who thy willing Pris'ner long was vow'd  
 And uncompell'd beneath thy Scepter bow'd,  
 Returns at last in thy soft Fetters bound,  
 With Victory, though not with Freedom crown'd:  
 And, of his Dangers past a grateful Signe,  
 Suspends this Tablet at thy numerous Shrine.







# P O E M S.

## *The Gloworme.*

**S**tay fairest *Chariessa*, stay and mark  
This animated Gem, whose fainter spark  
Of fading light, its birth had from the dark.

A Star thought by the erring Passenger,  
Which falling from its native Orb dropt here,  
And makes the Earth (its Centre,) now its Sphere.

Should many of these sparks together be,  
He that the unknown light far off should see  
Would think it a terrestrial Galaxie.

Take't up fair Saint ; see how it mocks thy fright,  
The paler flame doth not yield heat, though light,  
Which thus deceives thy Reason, through thy sight.

( a 3 )

But

But see how quickly it (ta'ne up) doth fade,  
To shine in darkness onely being made,  
By th'brightnes of thy light turn'd to a shade;

And burnt to ashes by thy flaming eyes  
On the chaste Altar of thy hand it dies,  
As to thy greater light a sacrifice,

### *The Breath.*

**F***Avonius* the milder breath o'th' Spring,  
When proudly bearing on his softer wing  
Rich odours, which from the Panchean groves  
He steals, as by the Phenix pyre he moves,  
Profutely doth his sweeter theft dispence  
To the next Roses blushing innocence,  
But from the grateful Flower, a richer scent  
He back receives then he unto it lent.  
Then laden with his odours richest store,  
He to thy Breath hasts ! to which these are poor ;  
Which whilst the amorous wind to steal essays,  
He like a wanton Lover 'bout thee playes,  
And sometimes cooling thy soft cheek doth lie,  
And sometimes burning at thy flaming eye :  
Drawn in at last by that breath we implore,  
He now returns far sweeter then before,  
And rich by being rob'd, in Thee he finds  
The burning sweets of Pyres, the cool of Winds.

*Desiring*

## Desiring her to burn his Verses.

**T**Hese Papers *Charissa*, let thy breath  
Condemn, thy hand unto the flames bequeath;  
'Tis fit who gave them life, should give them death.

And whilst in curled flames to Heaven they rise,  
Each trembling sheet shall as it upwards flies,  
Present it self to thee a sacrifice.

Then when about its native orb it came,  
And reacht the lesser lights o'th' sky, this flame  
Contracted to a Star should wear thy name.

Or falling down on earth from its bright sphere,  
Shall in a Diamonds shape its lustre bear,  
And trouble (as it did before) thine ear.

But thou wilt cruel even in mercy be,  
Unequal in thy justice, who dost free  
Things without sense from flames, and yet not Me.

*The Night.*

A Dialogue,

C H A R I E S S A.

**VV** Hat if Night  
Should betray us, and reveal  
To the light  
All the pleasures that we steal?

*Philocharis.*

Fairest, we  
Safely may this fear despise;  
How can She  
See our actions who wants eyes?

*Chariessa.*

Each dimme starre  
And the clearer lights we know  
Nights eyes are;  
They were blind that thought her so:

*Philocharis*

*Philocharis.*

Those pale fires  
Onely burn to yield a light  
T' our desires,  
And though blind, to give us sight:

*Charicssa.*

By this shade  
That surrounds us might our flame  
Be betraid,  
And the day disclose its name.

*Philocharis.*

Dearest Fair,  
These dark witnesses we finde  
Silent are,  
Night is dumb as well as blinde.

*Chorus.*

Then whilst these black shades conceal us,  
We will scorn  
Th' envious Morn,  
And the Sun that would reveal us.  
Our flames, shall thus their mutual light betray,  
And night, w<sup>th</sup> these joys crown'd outshine the day.

*Excuse*

## *Excuse for wishing Her lesse Fair.*

**W**Hy thy passion should it move  
That I wisht thy Beauty lesse?  
Fools desire what is above  
Power of nature to expresse;  
And to wish it had been more,  
Had been to outwish her store.

If the flames within thine eye  
Did not too great heat inspire,  
Men might languish yet not die,  
At thy lesse ungentle fire,  
And might on thy weaker light  
Gaze, and yet not lose their sight.

Nor would'st thou lesse fair appear,  
For detraction addes to thee;  
If some parts lesse beauteous were  
Others would much fairer be :  
Nor can any part we know  
Best be styl'd, when all are so.

Thus

Thus this great exesse of light,  
Which now dazles our weak eyes,  
Would, ecclips'd, appear more bright;  
And the onely way to rise,  
Or to be more fair, for thee  
*Celia*, is lesse fair to be.

### *Chang'd, yet Constant.*

**W**Rong me no more  
In thy complaint,  
Blam'd for Inconstancy;  
I vow'd t'adore  
The fairest Saint,  
Nor chang'd whilst thou wert there:  
But if another Thee outshine,  
Th'Inconstancy is onely Thine.

To be by such  
Blind Fools admir'd  
Gives thee but small esteem,  
By whom as much  
Thou'dst be desir'd  
Didst thou lesse beautious seem;  
Sure why they love they know not well,  
Who why they should not cannot tell.

*Women*

Women are by  
 Themselves betray'd,  
 And to their short joyes cruel,  
 Who foolishly  
 Themselues perswade  
 Flames can outlast their fuel;  
 None (though Platonick their pretence)  
 With Reason love unlesse by Sence.

And He, by whose  
 Command to Thee  
 I did my heart resigne,  
 Now bids me choose  
 A Deity  
 Diviner far then thine;  
 No power can Love from Beauty sever;  
 I'me still Loves subject, thine was never.

The fairest She  
 Whom none surpasse  
 To love hath onely right,  
 And such to me  
 Thy Beauty was  
 Till one I found more bright;  
 But 'twere as impious to adore  
 Thee now, as not 'have don't before.

Nor



Nor is it just  
 By rules of Love  
 Thou should'st deny to quit  
 A heart that must  
 Another's prove  
 Ev'n in thy right to it,  
 Must not thy Subjects Captives be  
 To her who triumphs over Thee?  
 Cease then in vain  
 To blot my name  
 With forg'd Apostasie,  
 Thine is that stain  
 Who dar'st to claim  
 What others ask of Thee.  
 Of Lovers they are onely true  
 Who pay their Hearts where they are due

*The Self-Deceaver.*

MONTALVAN.

**D**Eceav'd and undeceav'd to be  
 At once I seek with equal care,  
 Wretched in the discovery,  
 Happy if cozen'd still I were;  
 Yet certain ill of all hath less  
 Than the mistrust of happiness

**End**

But if when I have reach'd my Aim,  
 (That which I seek less worthy prove)  
 Yet still my Love remains the same,  
 The subject not deserving Love;  
 I can no longer be excus'd  
 Now more in fault as less abus'd.  
 Then let me flatter my Desires,  
 And doubt what I might know too sure,  
 He that to cheat himself conspires,  
 From falsehood doth his Faith secure  
 In Love uncertain to believe  
 I am deceiv'd, doth undeceive.  
 For if my Life on Doubts depend,  
 And in distrust inconsistent steer,  
 If I essay the swift to end  
 (When Ignorance were Wisdom here;)  
 All thy attempts how can I blame  
 To work my Death, I seek the same.

### The Cure.

**W**hat busie Cares soo timely born  
 (Young Swain!) disturb thy sleep?  
 Thy early sighs awake the Morn,  
 Thy tears teach her to weep.

Shepherd.

**P O E M S.**

83

*Shepherd.*

Sorrows fair Nymph are full alone  
Nor counsel can endure.

*Nymph.*

Yet thine disclose, for until known  
Sickness admits no Cure.

*Shepherd.*

My Griefs are such as but to hear  
Would poyson all thy Joyes,  
The Pitty which thou seem'st to bear  
My Health, thine own destroyes.

*Nymph.*

How can diseased Minds infect?  
Say what thy Grief doth move!

*Shepherd.*

Call up thy vertue to protect  
Thy Heart, and know 'twas Love!

*Nymph.*

Fond Swain I

*Shepherd.*

By which I have been long  
Destin'd to meet with Hate.

*Nymph.*

Fy Shepherd fy: thou dost Love wrong.  
To call thy Crime thy Fate.

*Shepherd.*

*Shepherd.*

Alas what Cunning could decline,  
What Force can Love repel?

*Nymphs.*

Yet, there's a Way to unconfine  
Thy Heart.

*Shepherd.*

For pitty sell

*Nymph.*

Choose one whose Love may be allur'd  
By thine: who ever knew  
Inveterate Diseases cur'd

But by receiving new

*Shepherd.*

All will like her my Soul perplex.

*Nymph.*

Yet try.

*Shepherd.*

Oh could there be,

But any softness in that Sex,

I'd wish it were in Thee.

*Nymph.*

Thy Prayer is heard: let now t'esteem

The kindness She hath shown

Who thy lost freedom to redeem

Hath forfeited her own.

*Celia*

## CELIA Singing.

**R**oses in breathing forth their scent,  
 Or Stars their borrowed ornament;  
 Nymphs in the Watery Sphear that move,  
 Or Angels in their orbs above;  
 The winged Chariot of the Light,  
 Or the slow silent wheels of Night;  
 The shade, which from the swifter Sun,  
 Doth in a circular motion run;  
 Or souls that their eternal Rest do keep,  
 Make far less noise then *Celia's* Breath in sleep. / more

But if the Angel which inspires  
 This subtile Flame with active fires  
 Should mould this Breath to words, and those  
 Into a Harmony dispose;  
 The Musick of this heavenly sphear,  
 Would steal each soul out at the Ear,  
 And into Plants and Stones infuse  
 A life that Cherubins would choose;  
 And with new Powers invert the Laws of Fate,  
 Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

*À la mesme.*

**B** Elle voix, dont mes charmes desrobent mon ame,  
 Et au lieu d'un esprit m'animent d'une flamme,  
 Dont je sens la subtile, & la douce chaleur,  
 Enter par non oreille & glisser dans mon cœur ;  
 Me faisant esprever par cette aimable vie,  
 Nos ames ne consistent que d'une harmonie ;  
 Que la vie m'est douce, la mort m'est sans peine,  
 Puisq' on les trouve toutes deux dans ton haleine :  
 Ne m'espargne donc pas satisfais tes rigueurs ;  
 Car si tu me souffres de vivre, je me meurs.

*The Returne.*

**B**eaury whose soft Magnetick chains  
 No time nor absence can unite,  
 Thy power the narrow bounds disdain  
 Of nature or Philosophie,  
 That runst by unconfined laws  
 A motion, though at distance, cause.

Drawn by the sacred influence  
 Of thy bright eyes, I back return ;  
 And since I no where can dispence  
 With flames that do in abience burn,

I rather choose 'midst them t'expire  
Then languish by a hidden fire.

But if thou insulting pride  
Of vulgar beauties dost despise,  
Who by vain triumphs Deicide,  
Their votaries do sacrifice,  
Then let those flames, whose magick charm  
At distance scorch'd, approach'd but warm.

### Song.

**W**hen I lie burning in thine eye,  
Or freezing in thy brest,  
What Martyrs, in wish'd flames that die,  
Are half so pleas'd or blest?

When thy soft accents, through mine ear  
Into my soul do fly,  
What Angel would not quit his spear,  
To hear such harmony?

Or when the kisse thou gav'st me last  
My soul stole in its breath,  
What life would sooner be embrac'd  
Than so desir'd a death?

Then think no freedom I desire,  
 Or would my fetters leave;  
 Since Phenix-like I from this fire  
 Both life and youth receive.

## The sick Lover.

GUARINI.

MY sickly breath  
 Wafts in a double flame;  
 Whilst Love and Death  
 To my poor life lay claim;  
 The favour in whose heat I melt  
 By her that causeth it not felt.

Thou who alone  
 Canst, yet wilt grant no ease,  
 Why slight'st thou one  
 To feed a new disease?  
 Unequal fair! the heart is thine;  
 Ah, why then should the pain be mine?

Song.



## Song.

**C**Elinda, by what potent art  
Or unresist'd charm,  
Dost thou thine ear and frozen beam  
Against my passion arm.

Or by what hidden influence  
Of powers in one combin'd  
Dost thou rob love of either sense,  
Made deaf as well as blind.

Sure thou as friends united hast  
Two distant Deities,  
And scorn within thy heart hast plac'd,  
And love within thine eyes.

Or those soft fetters of thy hair,  
A bondage that disdains  
All liberty, do guard thine ear  
Free from all other chains.

Then my complaint how canst thou hear,  
Or I this passion fly,  
Since thou imprison'd hast thine ear  
And not confin'd thine eye?

( b 3 )

Song.

## Song?

Fool take up thy shaft again;  
 If thy store  
 Thou profusely spend in vain,  
 Who can furnish thee with more?  
 Throw not then away thy darts,  
 On impenetrable hearts.

Think not thy pale flame can warm  
 Into tears,  
 Or dissolve the snowy charm  
 Which her frozen bosom wears,  
 That expos'd unmelted lies  
 To the bright suns of her eyes.

But since thou thy power hast lost,  
 Nor canst fire  
 Kindle in that breast, whose frost  
 Doth these flames in mine inspire,  
 Not to thee but Her I'll sue,  
 That disdains both me and you.

Delay.

## Delay

**D**elay? Alas there cannot be  
 To Love a greater Tyrannie;  
 Those cruel Beauties that have stain  
 Their Votaries by their disdain,  
 Or studied torments, sharp and witty,  
 Will be recorded for their pity,  
 And after-ages be misled  
 To think them kind, when this is spread:

Of deaths the speediest is despair,  
 Delays the slowest tortures are;  
 Thy cruelty at once destroyes,  
 But Expectation starves my Joyes;  
 Time and Delay, may bring me past  
 The power of Love to cure, at last;  
 And shouldst thou wish to ease my pain,  
 Thy pity might be lent in vain;  
 Or if thou hast decreed, that I  
 Must fall beneath thy cruelty,  
 O kill me soon! Thou wilt expresse  
 More Mercy, ev'n in shewing lesse.

(b4)

Com-

*Commanded by his Mistris to  
woe for her.*

MARINO.

**S**Trange kind of Love, that knows no President,  
A Faith so firm as perfect faiths Event,  
By a Tyrannick Beauty long subdu'd,  
I now must sue for her ransom. I su'd  
Unhappy Orator? who though I move  
For Pity, Pity cannot hope to prove.  
Employing thus against my self my Breath,  
And in anothers Life lagging my Death.

But if such moving Powers my Accents have,  
Why first my own Redresse do I not crave?  
What hopes that I to pity should incline  
Anothers Brest, who can move none in mine?  
Or how can the griev'd Patient look for ease  
When the Physitian suffers the disease?  
If thy sharp Wounds from me expect their Cure,  
'Tis fit those first be heal'd that I indure.

Ungentle fair one! why dost thou dispence  
Unequally thy sacred Influence?  
Why pining me, offer'st the precious Food  
To one by whom nor priz'd, nor understood;

So some clear Brook to the full Adain, to pay  
 Her needlesse Christall Tribute hastes away,  
 Profusely foolish; whilst her niggard Tide  
 Starves the poor Flowres that grow along her side:

Thou who my Glories art design'd to own  
 Come then, and reap the Joyes that I have sown:  
 Yet in thy pride acknowledge, though thou bear  
 The happy Prize away, the Palm I wear.  
 Nor the obedience of my Flame accept,  
 That what I sought, my self conspir'd to loose:  
 The haplesse state where I am fix'd is such,  
 To love I seem not, cause I Love too much.

### The Repulse.

**N**ot that by this discourse  
 I am releas'd,  
 And freed from thy tyrannick chain,  
 Do I my self think blest;

Nor that thy Flame shall burn  
 No more; for know  
 That I shall into ashes turn,  
 Before this fire doth so.

Nor yet that unconfin'd  
I now may rove,

And

And with new beauties please my mind ;  
But that thou ne'r didst love :

For since thou hast no part  
Felt of this flame,  
I onely from thy tyrant heart  
Repuls'd, not banish'd am.

To loose what once was mine  
Would grieve me more  
Then those inconstant sweets of thine  
Had pleas'd my soul before.

Now I have not lost the blisse  
I ne'r posselt ;  
And spight of fate am blest in this,  
That I was never blest.

### *The Tombe.*

**W**Hen, cruel Fair one, I am slain  
By thy dildam,  
And, as a Trophy of thy scorn,  
To some old tombe am born,  
Thy fetters must their power bequeath  
To those of death ;  
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,  
Like monumental fires within an urn ;

baA

Thus

Thus freed from thy proud Empire, I shall prove  
There is more liberty in Death then Loye.

And when forsaken Lovers come  
To see my tombe,  
Take heed thou mix not with the croud,  
And (as a Victor) proud  
To view the spoils thy beauty made  
Presse near my shade,  
Lest thy too cruel breath or name  
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,  
And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,  
His sacrifice, who dy'd as thine, expire.

But if cold Earth, or Marble must  
Conceal my dust,  
Whilst hid in some dark ruines, I  
Dumb and forgotten lie,  
The pride of all thy victory  
Will sleep with me;  
And they who should attest thy Glory,  
Will, or forget, or not believe this story:  
Then to increase thy Triumph, let me rest,  
Since by thine Eye slain, buried in thy Breast.

The

# The Enjoyment.

S. AMANT.

**F**Ar from the Courts ambitious noise  
Retir'd, to those more harmful joys  
Which the sweet Country, pleasant fields,  
And my own Court, a Cottage, yields;  
I liv'd from all disturbance free,  
Though Prisoner (Sylvia) unto Thee;  
Secur'd from fears, which others prove,  
Of the inconstancie of Love;  
Alive, in my esteem, more blest,  
Thence're yet stoapt to death's Arrest.

My senses and desires united,  
With joynt delight each other feed;  
I list, I reach'd, as far above  
VVords, wihw Beauty, or my Love;  
Such as compar'd with which, the joys  
Of the most happy seem but Toys;  
Affection I receive and pay,  
My pleasures know not griefs alloy:  
The more I tasted I desir'd,  
The more I quencht my Thirst was fir'd.

Now in some place where Nature shoves  
Her naked Beauty we repose;

Where



Where she allures the wandering eye  
 With colours, which faint Avon-ye;  
 Pearls scatter'd by the weeping Adorn,  
 Each where the glitt'ring Flowers adorn;  
 The Mistresse of the youthful year  
 (To whom kind Zephyrus doth bear  
 His amorous Vows and frequent Prayer)  
 Deck with these Gems her Neck and Hair.

Hither, to quicken Time with sport,  
 The little sprightly Loves resort,  
 And dancing o're th' enamel'd Mead,  
 Their Mistresses the Graces lead;  
 Then to refresh themselves, repair  
 To the soft Bosome of my faire;  
 Where from the Kisses they bestow  
 Upon each other, such sweets flow  
 As carrie in their mixed Breath  
 A mutual Power of Life and Death.

Next in an Elms dilated shade  
 We see a rugged Satyre laid,  
 Teaching his Reed in a soft strain  
 Of his sweet Anguish to complain;  
 Then to a lonely Grove retreat,  
 Where day can no admittance get,  
 To visit peaceful solitude;  
 Whom seeing by Repose pursu'd,  
 All busie Cares, for fear to spoile  
 Their calmer Courtship to exile.

There

*There underneath a Myrtle, thought  
 By Fairies sacred; where was wrought  
 By Venus hand Loves Mysteries;  
 And all the Trophies of her eyes,  
 Our Solemn Pray'rs to Heaven we send,  
 That our firm Love might know no End;  
 Nor time its Vigor e'er impair:  
 Then to the winged God we swear,  
 And grav'd the Oath in its smooth Rind,  
 Which in our Hearts we deeper find.*

*Then to my Dear (as if afraid,  
 To trie her doubted faith) I said,  
 Would in thy Soul my Form as clear  
 As in thy Eyes I see it, were.  
 She kindly angry saith, Thou art  
 Drawn more at large within my Heart,  
 These Figures in my Eye appear  
 But small, because they are not near,  
 Thou through these Glasses seest thy Face,  
 As Pictures through their Chrystal Case.*

*Now with delight transported, I  
 My wreathed Arms about her tie;  
 The flatt'ring Ivie never holds  
 Her Husband Elme in stricter Folds,  
 To cool my fervent Thirst, I sip  
 Delicious Nectar from her lip.  
 She pledges, and so often past  
 This amorous health, till Love at last,  
 Our Souls did with these pleasures sat,  
 And equally in-briate.*

*A while, our senses stoln away,  
 Lost in this Extasie we lay,  
 Till both together rais'd to Life,  
 We reingage in this kind strife,  
 Cythara with her Syrian Boy,  
 Could never reach our meanest Joy.  
 The Childish God of Love ne're try'd,  
 So much of Love with his cold Bride,  
 As we in one embrace include,  
 Contesting each to be subdu'd.*

## *To Celia pleading want of Merit.*

**D**ear urge no more that killing cause  
 Of our divorce;  
 Love is not fetter'd by such laws,  
 Nor bows to any force:  
 Though thou deniest I should be thine,  
 Yet say not thou deserv'st not to be mine.

Oh rather frown away my breath  
 With thy disdain,  
 Or flatter me with smiles to death;  
 By joy or sorrow slain,  
 'Tis lesse crime to be kill'd by thee,  
 Then I thus cause of mine own death should be.  
 Thy self of beauty to devest  
 And me of love,  
 Or

Or from the wotth of thine own breast  
 Thus to detract, would prove  
 In us a blindnesse, and in thee  
 At best a sacrilegious modestie.

But (*Celia*) if thou wilt despise  
 What all admire,  
 Nor rate thy self at the just price  
 Of beauty or desire,  
 Yet meet my flames and thou shalt see  
 That equal love knows no disparity.

### *Loves Innocence.*

**S**E how this Ivy strives to twine  
 Her wanton arms about the Vine,  
 And her coy lover thus restrains,  
 Entangled in her amorous chains;  
 See how these neighb'ring Palms do bend  
 Their heads, and mutual murmurs send,  
 As whisp'ring with a jealous fear  
 Their loves, into each others ear.  
 Then blush not such a flame to own  
 As like thy self no crime hath known;  
 Led by these harmlesse guides, we may  
 Embrace and kisse as well as they.

And like those blessed souls above,  
 Whose life is harmony and love,  
 Let us our mutual thoughts betray  
 And in our wills our minds display;

This silent speech is swifter far,  
 Then the ears lazy species are;  
 And the expression it affords  
 (As our desires) 'bove reach of words;

Thus we (my Dear) of these may learn  
 A Passion others not discern;  
 Nor can it shame or blushes move,  
 Like Plants to live, like Angels love;

Since All excuse with equal Innocence  
 What above Reason is, or beneath Sence.

### *The Bracelet.*

#### TRISTAN.

**N**OW Love be prais'd: that cruel Fair,  
 Who my poor Heart restrains  
 Under so many Chains,  
 Hath weav'd a new one for it of her Hair.

These threads of Amber us'd to play  
 With every courtly wind,  
 And never were confin'd,  
 But in a thousand Curls allow'd to stray.

Cruel each part of her is grown,  
 Nor lesse unkind then She  
 These fetters are to Me,  
 Which to restrain my Freedom, loose their own.

*The Kisse.*

**W**hen on thy lip my soul I breath;  
 Which there meets thine,  
 Freed from their fetters by this death  
 Our subtile Forms combine;  
 Thus without bonds of sence they move,  
 And like two Cherubins converse by love.

Spirits to chains of earth confin'd  
 Discourse by sence;  
 But ours that are by flames refin'd  
 Wish those weak ties dispence;  
 Let such in words their minds display,  
 We in a kisse our mutual thoughts convey,

But since my soul from me doth flie,  
 To thee retir'd,  
 Thou canst not both retain; for I  
 Must be with one inspir'd;  
 Then, Dearest, either justly mine  
 Restore, or in exchange let me have thine:

Yet if thou dost return mine own,  
 Oh tak't again!  
 For 'tis this pleasing death alone  
 Gives ease unto my pain:  
 Kill me once more, or I shall find  
 Thy pity then thy cruelty, lesse kind,

*Apollo*

# Apollo and Daphne.

GARCILASSO MARINO.

**W**Hen Phæbus saw a rugged Bark beguile  
His Love, and his Embraces intercept,  
The Leaves instructed by his Grief to smile,  
Taking fresh Growth and verdure as he wept:  
How can, saith he, my woes expect Release,  
When Tears, the Subject of my Tears, increase!

His chang'd yet scorn-retaining Fair he kist,  
From the lov'd Trunk plucking a little Bough;  
And though the Conquest which he sought he mist,  
With that Triumphant spoil adorns his Brow.  
Thus this disdainful Maid his aim deceives,  
Where he expected Fruit he gathers Leaves.

## Speaking and Kissing.

**T**He air which thy smooth voice doth break  
Into my soul like lightning flies,  
My life retires whil'st thou dost speak,  
And thy soft breath its room supplies.

**L**ost in this pleasing Extasie  
I joyn my trembling lips to thine,

( c a )

And

And back receive that life from thee,  
Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonick fools, t' enquire  
What numbers do the soul compose ;  
No harmony can life inspire  
But that which from these accents flows.

### *The Snow-ball.*

**D**oris, I that could repell  
All those darts about thee dwell,  
And had wisely learn'd to fear,  
Cause I saw a Foe so near ;  
I that my deaf ear did arm,  
'Gainst thy voices powerful charm,  
And the lightning of thine eye  
Durst (by closing mine) defie,  
Cannot this cold snow withstand  
From the whiter of thy hand ;  
Thy deceit hath thus done more  
Then thy open force before :  
For who could suspect or fear  
Treason in a face so clear,  
Or the hidden fires defery  
Wrapt in this cold out-side lie ;  
Flames might thus involv'd in ice  
The deceiv'd world sacrifice ;  
Nature, ignorant of this  
Strange Antiperistasis,

Would



Would her falling frame admire,  
That by snow were set on fire.

## The Deposition.

**T**Hough when I lov'd thee thou wert fair,  
Thou art no longer so,  
Those glories all the pride they wear  
Unto Opinion ow;  
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre shine,  
And 'twas my Love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye,  
Do now, with mine, expire;  
Thy brightest Graces fade, and die  
At once with my desire;  
Loves fires thus mutual influence return,  
Thine cease to shine, when mine to burn.

Then (proud *Celinda*) hope no more  
To be implor'd or woo'd;  
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore  
The wealth my love bestow'd;  
And thy despis'd Disdain too late shall find  
That none are fair but who are kind.

*To his Mistresse in Absence.*

T A S S O,

**F**ar from thy dearest self, (the Scope  
Of all my Aims)  
I waste in secret Flames;  
And onely live because I hope.  
O when will Fate restore  
The Foyes, in whose bright fire  
My Expectation shall expire,  
That I may live because I hope no more!

*Loves Heretick.*

**H**E whose active thoughts disdain  
To be Captive to one foe,  
And would break his single chain,  
Or else more would undergo;  
Let him learn the art of me,  
By new bondage to be free.

What tyrannick Mistresse dare  
To one beauty love confine?  
Who unbouded as the aire  
All may court but none decline:

Why

Why should we the Heart deny  
As many objects as the Eye?

Wheresoe're I turn or move  
A new passion doth detain me;  
Those kind beauties that do love,  
Or those proud ones that disdain me;  
This frown melts, and that smile burns me;  
This to tears, that ashes turns me.

Soft fresh Virgins not full blown,  
With their youthful sweetnesse take me;  
Sober Matrons that have known  
Long since what these prove, awake me;  
Here staid coldnesse I admire,  
There the lively active fire.

She that doth by skill dispence  
Every favour she bestows,  
Or the harmlesse innocence  
Which nor Court nor City knows,  
Both alike my soul enflame,  
That wilde beauty, and this tame.

She that wisely can adorn  
Nature with the wealth of art,  
Or whose rural sweets do scorn  
Borrow'd helps to take a heart,  
The vain care of that's my pleasure,  
Poverty of this my treasure.

Both

Both the wanton and the coy  
 Me with equal pleasures move;  
 She whom I by force enjoy,  
 Or who forceth me to love;  
 This because she'll not confesse;  
 That not hide, her happinesse.

She whose loosely flowing hair,  
 Scatter'd like the beams o' th' Morn,  
 Playing with the sportive Air,  
 Hides the sweets it doth adorn,  
 Captive in charnet restrains me,  
 In those golden fetters chains me,

Nor doth she with power lesse bright  
 My divided heart invade,  
 Whose soft tresses spread like Night,  
 O're her shoulders a black shade;  
 For the star-light of her eyes  
 Brighter shines through those dark Skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,  
 I alike with all can sport;  
 The bold sprightly *Thaw* woo,  
 Or the frozen Vestal court;  
 Every beauty takes my minde,  
 Tied to all, to none confin'd.

La

*La belle Confidente.*

**Y**ou earthly Souls that court a wanton flame,  
 Whose pale weak influence  
 Can rise no higher then the humble name  
 And narrow laws of Sence,  
 Learn by our friendship to create  
 An immaterial fire,  
 Whose brightnesse Angels may admire,  
 But cannot emulate.

Sicknesse may fright the roses from her cheek,  
 Or make the Lillies fade,  
 But all the subtil wayes that death doth seek  
 Cannot my love invade:  
 Flames that are kindled by the eye,  
 Through time and age expire;  
 But ours that boast a reach far higher  
 Can nor decay, nor die.

For when we must resign our vital breath,  
 Our Loves by Fate benighted,  
 We by this friendship shall survive in death,  
 Even in divorce united,  
 Weak Love through fortune or distrust  
 In time forgets to burn,  
 But this pursues us to the Urn,  
 And marries either's Dust.

*La*

*La belle Ennemie.*

**I** Yield, dear Enemy, nor know  
 How to resist so fair a Foe:  
 Who would not thy soft yoke sustain,  
 And bow beneath thy easie chain,  
 That with a bondage blest might be  
 Which far transcends all liberty.

But since I freely have resign'd  
 At first assault my willing mind,  
 Insult not o're my captiv'd heart  
 With too much tyrannie and art,  
 Lest by thy scorn thou lose the prize,  
 Gained by the power of thy bright eyes,  
 And thou this conquest thus shalt prove,  
 Though got by Beauty, kept by Love.

*The Dream.*

*Lope de vega.*

**T**o set my jealous Soul at strife,  
 All things maliciously agree,  
 Though sleep of Death the Image be,  
 Dreams are the Portraiture of Life.

*I saw, when last I clos'd my Eyes,  
 Celinda stoop t' anothers Will;  
 If specious Apprehension kill,  
 What would the truth without disguise?*

*The joyes which I should call mine own  
 Me thought this Rival did posseſſe:  
 Like Dreams is all my happineſſe;  
 Yet Dreams themselves allow me none.*

## *To the Lady D.*

*Madam,*

**T**He Blushes I betray,  
 When at your Feet I humbly lay  
 These Papers, beg you would excuse  
 Th' obedience of a bashful Muse,  
 Who (bowing to your strict command)  
 Trusts her own Errours to your hand,  
 Hasty Abortives, which (laid by)  
 She meant, ere they were born should die:  
 But since the soft power of your Breath  
 Hath call'd them back again from Death,  
 To your sharp Judgement now made known,  
 She dares for Hers no longer own;  
 The worst she must not, these resign'd  
 She hath to th' fire, and where you find  
 Those your kinde Charity admir'd,  
 She writ but what your Eyes inspir'd.

*Love*

# Love Deposed.

**Y**ou that unto your Mistress eyes  
 Your hearts do sacrifice,  
 And offer sighs or tears at Loves rich shrine,  
 Renounce with me  
 Th' Idolatrie,  
 Nor this Infernal Power esteem divine.

The Brand, the Quiver, and the Bow,  
 Which we did first bestow,  
 And he as tribute wears from every Lover,  
 I back again  
 From him have ta'ne,  
 And the Impostor now unvail'd discover.

I can the feeble Child disarm,  
 Unty his mystick charm,  
 Devest him of his Wings, and break his Arrow,  
 We will obey  
 No more his fury,  
 Nor live confin'd to laws or bounds so narrow.

And you bright Beauties that inspire  
 The Boyes pale torch with fire,  
 We safely now your subtil power despise,

And



And (unscorch'd) may  
Like Atoms play  
And wanton in the sun-shine of your eyes.

Nor think hereafter by new arts  
You can bewitch our hearts;  
Or raise this Devil by your pleasing charm;  
We will no more  
His power implore,  
Unless like Indians, that he do no harm.

### *The Divorce.*

**D**ear, back my wounded heart restore,  
And turn away thy powerfuleyes;  
Flatter my willing soul no more,  
Love must not hope what Fate denies.

Take, take away thy smiles and kisses,  
Thy Love wounds deeper then Disdain,  
For he that fears the Heaven he misses,  
Sustains two Hells, of loss and pain.

Shouldst thou some others suit prefer,  
I might return thy scorn to thee,  
And learn Apostasie of her  
Who taught me first Idolatry.

Or

Or in thy unrelenting breast  
 Should I disdain or coyneſſe move,  
 He by thy hate might be releas't,  
 Who now is priſoner to thy love.

Since then unkind Fate will divorce  
 Thoſe whom Affection long united,  
 Be thou as cruel as this force,  
 And I in death ſhall be delighted;

Thus whiſt ſo many ſuppliants woe  
 And beg they may thy pitty prove,  
 I onely for thy ſcorn do ſue,  
 'Tis charity here not to love.

### *Time Recover'd.*

### C A S O N E.

**C**ome (my dear) whiſt youth conſpires  
 With the warmth of our deſires;  
 Envious Time about thee watches,  
 And ſome Grace each minute ſnatches;  
 Now a ſpirit, now a Ray  
 From thy Eye he ſteals away,  
 Now he blaſts ſome blooming Roſe  
 Which upon thy freſh Cheek grows;

Gold

Gold now plunders in a Hair ;  
 Now the Rubies doth impair  
 Of thy lips ; and with sure hast  
 All thy wealth will take at last ;  
 Onely that of which Thou mak'st  
 Use in time, from time Thou tak'st.

*The Bracelet.*

**R**ebellious fools that scorn to bow  
 Beneath Loves easie sway,  
 Wose stubborn wils no laws allow,  
 Disdaining to obey,  
 Mark but this wreath of hair and you shall see  
 None that might wear such fetters would be free.  
 I once could boast a soul like you  
 As unconfin'd as aire ;  
 But mine, which force could not subdue,  
 Was caught within this snare ;  
 And (by my self betray'd) I for this gold,  
 A heart that many storms withstood, have sold,  
 No longer now wise Art enquire  
 (With this vain search delighted)  
 How souls that humane breasts inspire  
 Are to their frames united ;  
 Material chains such spirits well may bind,  
 When this soft brayd can tie both Arm and Mind.  
 Now

Now (Beauties) I defie your charm,  
 Rul'd by more powerful Art,  
 This mystick wreath which crowns my Arm,  
 Defends my vanquish'd Heart;  
 And I, subdu'd by one more fair, shall be  
 Secur'd from Conquest by Captivity.

### *The Farewell.*

**S**ince Fate commands me hence, and I  
 Must leave my soul with thee, and die,  
 Dear, spare one sigh, or else let fall  
 A tear to crown my Funeral,  
 That I may tell my grieved heart  
 Thou art unwilling we should part,  
 And Martyrs that imbrace the fire  
 Shall with less joy then I expire.

With this last kiss I will bequeath  
 My soul transfus'd into thy breath,  
 Whose active heat shall gently slide  
 Into thy breast, and there reside,  
 And be in spight of Fate thus blest  
 By this sad death of Heaven possess;  
 Then prove but kind, and thou shalt see  
 Love hath more power then Destinie.

*Claim*

## Claim to Love.

GUARINI.

**A** Lasse! alasse! thou turnst in vain  
 Thy beauteous Face away,  
 Which (like young Sorcerers) rais'd a Pain  
 Above its Power to lay.

Love moves not as thou turnst thy Look;  
 But here doth firmly rest;  
 He long ago thy Eyes forsook  
 To revel in my Breast.

Thy Power on him why hop'st thou more  
 Than his on me should be,  
 The Claim thou lay'st to him is poor  
 To that he owns from Me.

His Substance in my Heart excels,  
 His shadow in thy Sight;  
 Fire where it burns more truly dwells;  
 Then where it scatters Light.

To his Mistres who dreamed He  
was wounded.

GUARINI.

**T**Hine Eyes (bright Saint) disclose  
And thou shalt find,  
Dreams have not with illusive shewes  
Deceiv'd thy Mind,  
What Sleep presented to thy view,  
Awake, and thou shalt finde is true.

Those mortall Wounds I bear  
From thee begin,  
Which though they outward not appear  
Yet bleed within,  
Loves Flame like active Lightning flies,  
Wounding the Heart, but not the Eyes.

But now I yeeld to die  
Thy sacrifice,  
Nor more in vain will hope to flie  
From thy bright Eyes;  
Their killing Power cannot be shunn'd  
Open or clos'd alike they wound.

The

*The Exchange.**Dialogue.**Phil.*

**T**hat kisse which last thou gav'st me, stole  
 My fainting Life away,  
 Yet (though to thy Breast fled) my Soul  
 Still in mine own doth stay;

*Char.*

And with the same warm Breath did mine  
 Into thy Bosom slide,  
 There dwell contracted unto thine,  
 Yet still with me reside;

*Chor.*

Both Souls thus in desire are one,  
 And each is two in Skill,  
 Doubled in Intellect alone  
 United in the Will:  
 Weak Nature no such Power doth know,  
 Love only can these Wonders show.

(d 2)

*Unaltered*

## *Unaltered by Sicknesse.*

**S**icknesse, in vain thou dost invade  
 A Beauty that can never fade.  
 Could all thy Malice but impair  
 One of the sweets which crown this fair,  
 Or steal the spirits from her Eye,  
 Or kisse into a paler dye.  
 The blushing Roses of her Cheek,  
 Our drooping hopes might justly seek,  
 Redress from thee, and thou mightst save  
 Thousands of Lovers from the Grave :  
 But such assaults are vain, for she  
 Is too divine to stoop to thee ;  
 Blest with a Form as much too high  
 For any Change, as Destiny ;  
 Which no attempt can violate ;  
 For what's her Beauty, is our Fate.

## *On His Mistresse's Death.*

**PETRARCH.**

*Love the Ripe Harvest of my toils  
 Began to cherish with his Smiles  
 Preparing me to be indued  
 With all the Joies I long pursued,*

*When*



*When my fresh Hopes fair and full blown  
Death blasts ere I could call my own.*

*Malicious Death why with rude Force*

*Dost thou my fair from me divorce?*

*Falsa Life why in this loathed Chain*

*Me from my fair dost thou detain?*

*In whom assistance shall I finde?*

*Alike are Life and Death unkinde.*

*Pardon me Love thy power outshines;*

*And laughs at their infern designs.*

*She is not wedded to a Tomb,*

*Nor I to sorrow in her room.*

*They what thou joy'st thou can nere divide:*

*She lives in me in her I dy'd.*

## *The Exequies.*

**D**RAW neer

**You Lovers that complain**

**Of Fortune or Disdain,**

**And to my Ashes lend a tear;**

**Melt the hard marble with your groans,**

**And soften the relentlesse Stones.**

**Whose cold imbraces the sad Subject hide**

**Of all Loves cruelties, and Beauties Pride.**

No Verse  
 No Epicedium bring,  
 Nor peaceful Requiem sing,  
 To charm the terrors of my Herse;  
 No prophane Numbers must flow neer  
 The sacred silence that dwells here;  
 Vast Griefs are dumb, softly, oh softly mourn  
 Left you disturb the Peace attends my Urn.

Yet strew  
 Upon my dismall Grave,  
 Such offerings as you have,  
 Forsaken Cypresse and sad Ewe;  
 For kinder Flowers can take no Birth,  
 Or growth from such unhappy Earth.  
 Weep only o're my Dust, and say, Here lies  
 To Love and Fate an equal Sacrifice.

### *The Silkworm.*

**T**His Silk-worm (to long Sleep retir'd)  
 The early Year hath re-inspir'd,  
 Who now to pay to thee prepares  
 The Tribute of her pleasing cares;  
 And hastens with industrious toyl  
 To make thy Ornament her Spoil:  
 See with what pain she spins for thee  
 The thread of her own Destinie,  
 Then growing proud in Death, to know  
 That all her curious Labours thou

Wilt,

Wilt, as in Triumph, deign to wear,  
Retires to her soft Sepulchre.

Such, Dearest, is that hapless State,  
To which I am design'd by Fate,  
Who by thee (willingly) o'recome,  
Work mine own Fetters and my Tomb,

## *A Ladie weeping.*

MONTALVAN.

**A**S when some Brook flies from it self away,  
The murm'ring Christal loosely runs astray.  
And as about the verdant Plain it windes,  
The Meadows with a silver ribband bindes,  
Printing a kisse on every Flower she meets,  
Loosing her self to fill them with new sweets,  
To scatter frost upon the Lilies Head,  
And Scarlet on the Gilliflower to spread;  
So melting sorrow, in the fair disguise  
Of humid Stars, flow'd from bright Cloris Eyes,  
Which watring every Flower her Cheek discloses,  
Melt into Jesmies here there into Roses.

(d4)

*Ambition.*

*Ambition.*

**I** Must no longer now admire  
The cold esse which posselt  
Thy snowy Breast,

That can by other Flames be set on Fire;  
Poor Love to harsh Disdain betray'd  
Is by Ambition thus out-weigh'd.

Hadst thou but known the vast extent  
Of Constant Faith, how farre  
Above all that are

Born slaves to Wealth, or Honours vain ascent;  
No richer Treasure couldst thou finde  
Than hearts with mutual Chains combin'd.

But Love is too despis'd a name,  
And must not hope to rise  
Above these ties.

Honour and Wealth out-shine his paler Flame;  
These unite Souls, whilst true desire  
Unpitied dies in its own Fire.

Yet, cruel Fair one, I did aim  
With no less Justice too,  
Than those that sue

For other hopes, and thy proud Fortunes claim,  
Wealth honours, honours wealth approve,  
But Beauty's only meant for Love.

*Song*

## Song.

**W**hen (Dearest Beauty) thou shalt pay  
 Thy faith and my vain hope away  
 To some dull soul that cannot know  
 The worth of that thou dost bestow;  
 Lest with my sighs and tears I might  
 Disturb thy unconfin'd delight,  
 To some dark shade I will retire,  
 And there forgot by all expire.

Thus whilst the difference thou shalt prove,  
 Betwixt a feign'd and real Love,  
 Whilst he, more happy, but lesse true,  
 Shall reap those joyes I did pursue,  
 And with those pleasures crown'd be  
 By Fate, which Love design'd for me,  
 Then thou perhaps thy self wilt finde  
 Cruel too long, or too soon kinde.

## The Revenge.

RONSARD.

**F**air Rebell to thy self, and Time,  
 Who laughst at all my tears,

When

When thou hast lost thy youthfull prime  
And age his Trophie rears,

Weighing thy inconsiderate pride

Thou shalt in vain accuse it,

Why Beauty am I now deni'd

Or knew not then to use it?

Then shall I wish ungentle Fair

Thou in like flames may'st burn;

Venus, if just will hear my prayer

And I shall laugh my turn.

### Song.

I Will not trust thy tempting graces,

Or thy deceitful charms,

Nor pris'ner be to thy embraces,

Or fetter'd in thy arms;

No, Celia, no, not all thy art

Can wound or captivate my heart.

I will not gaze upon thy Eyes,

Or wanton with thy Hair,

Lest those should burn me by surprize,

Or these my soul ensnare:

Nor with those smiling dangers play,

Or fool my Liberty away.

Since

Since then my wary heart is free,  
And unconfin'd as thine,  
If thou wouldst mine should captiv'd be,  
Thou must thine own resign;  
And gratitude may thus move more  
Than Love or Beauty could before,

Song.

**N**O, I will sooner trust the Wind,  
When falsely kind  
It courts the pregnant Sails into a storm,  
And when the smiling Waves perswade  
Be willingly betray'd,  
Then thy deceitful Vows or Form.

Go and beguile some easie heart  
With thy vain art;  
Thy smiles and kisses on those fools bestow;  
Who only see the Calms that sleep  
On this smooth flatt'ring Deep,  
But not the hidden dangers know.

They that like me thy Falsehood prove,  
Will scorn thy Love.  
Some may deceiv'd at first adore thy Shrine  
But He that as thy sacrifice  
Doth willingly fall twice,  
Dies his own Martyr, and not thine.

# To a blinde Man in Love.

MARINO.

**L** Over than Love more blinde, whose bold thoughts  
 Fix on a Woman is both young and fair: (dare  
 If Argus with a hundred Eyes not one  
 Could guard, hop'st thou to keep thine, who hast none?

Answer.

*I'm blinde, 'tis true, but in Loves rules, defolt  
 Of sense, is aided by the Intellect.  
 And senses by each other are suppl'd,  
 The touch enjoys what's to the sight deny'd.*

Song.

**I** Prethee let my heart alone  
 Since now tis rais'd above thee  
 Not all the Beauty thou dost own  
 Again can make me love thee:

He that was shipwrack'd once before  
 By such a Syrens call,  
 And yet neglects to shun that shore,  
 Deserves his second fall.

Each flatt'ring kiss, each tempting smile  
 Thou dost in vain bestow,

Some



Some other Lovers might beguile  
Who not thy falsehood know.

But I am proof against all art,  
No vows shall e're perswade me  
Twice to present a wounded Heart  
To her that hath betray'd me

Could I again be brought to love  
Thy form though more divine,  
I might thy scorn as justly move,  
As now thou sufferest mine;

### *The Losse.*

**Y** Et ere I go,  
Disdainful Beauty thou shalt be  
So wretched, as to know  
What Joys thou flingst away with me!

A Faith so bright,  
As Time or Fortune could not rust;  
So firm, that Lovers might  
Have read thy story in my dust,

And crown'd thy Name  
With Laurel verdant as thy Youth,  
Whil'st the shrill voice of Fame  
Spread wide thy Beauty and my Truth.

**This**

This thou hast lost ;  
 For all true Lovers, when they finde  
 That my just aims were crost,  
 Will speak thee lighter then the winde.

And none will lay  
 Any oblation on thy shrine,  
 But such as would betray  
 Thy faith, to faiths as false as thine.

Yet if thou chuse  
 On such thy freedom to bestow,  
 Affection may excuse,  
 For love from Sympathy doth flow.

### *The Self-cruel.*

**C**Ast off for shame ungente maid  
 That misbecoming Joy thou wear'st,  
 For in my Death (though long delay'd)  
 Unwisely cruel thou appear'st.  
 Insult o're Captives with disdain,  
 Thou canst not triumph o're the slain.

No, I am now no longer thine,  
 Nor canst thou take delight to see  
 Him whom thy Love did once confine  
 Set, though by Death, at Liberty  
 For if my fall a smile beget,  
 Thou gloriest in thy own Defeat.

Behold

Behold how thy unthrifty pride  
 Hath murdered him that did maintain it;  
 And wary Souls who never tride  
 Thy Tyrant Beauty, will disdain it:  
 But I am softer, and that me  
 Thou wouldst not pity, pity thee:

## Song.

By M. W. M.

**W**ert thou yet fairer than thou art,  
 Which lies not in the power of Art,  
 Or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts  
 Than ever Cupid shot at Hearts;  
 Yet if they were not thrown at me  
 I would not cast a Thought on Thee.

I'de rather marry a Disease,  
 Than court the thing I cannot please:  
 She that will cherish my Desires  
 Must meet my Flames with equal Fires.  
 What pleasure is there in a Kisse  
 To him that doubts the Hearts not his?

I love thee not because th' art fair  
 Softer than down smoother than Air;  
 Nor for the Cupids that do lie  
 In either Corner of thine Eye:

Wouldst

Wouldst thou then know what is to be thought of  
 'Tis I love you, 'cause you love me.

*Answer.*

**W**ert thou by all Affections sought,  
 And fairer then thou wouldst be thought :  
 Or had thine Eyes as many Darts  
 As thou believ'st they shoot at Hearts,  
 Yet if thy Love were paid to me,  
 I would not offer mine to thee.

**I**de sooner court a Feavers heat,  
 Then her that owns a Flame as great,  
 She that my Love will entertain,  
 Must meet it with no less disdain.  
 For mutual Fires themselves destroy,  
 And willing Kisses yield no Joy.

**I** love thee not because alone  
 Thou canst all Beauty call thine own,  
 Nor doth my passion fuel I seek,  
 In thy bright Eye or softer Cheek :  
 Then fairest if thou wouldst know why  
 I love thee canst thou canst deny.

*The*

*The Relapse.*

**O**H turn away those cruel Eyes,  
 The stars of my undoing.  
 Or death in such a bright disguise,  
 May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious Pride,  
 Who dare condemn thy glory;  
 It was my fall that deifi'd  
 Thy name, and seal'd thy Story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare  
 A higher praise to crown thee;  
 Though my first death proclaim thee fair,  
 My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice  
 No other for thy fuel,  
 And if thou burn one Victim twice,  
 Both think thee poor and cruel.

*To the Countess of S. with  
the holy Court.*

*Madam,*

**S**ince every place you blesse, the name  
This Book assumes may justlier claim,  
(What more a Court then where you shine?  
And where your soul, what more divine?)  
You may perhaps doubt at first sight,  
That it usurps upon your right;  
And praising vertues that belong  
To you in others, doth yours wrong;  
No, 'tis your self you read, in all  
Perfections earlier Ages call  
Their own; all Glories they e're knew  
Were but faint Prophecies of you.

You then have here sole Int'rest whom 'tis meant  
As well to entertain, as represent.

*Song.*

**DE VOITURE.**

**I** *Languish in a silent Flame;  
For she to whom my woves incline*

*Doth*

*Doth own perfections so divine,  
That but to speak were to disclose her Name.*

*If I should say that she the Store  
Of Natures Graces doth comprize,  
The Love and wonder of all Eyes,  
Who will not guesse the Beauty I adore?*

*Or though I warily conceal  
The Charms her looks and Soul possess;  
Should I her cruelty expresse,  
And say she smiles at all the Pains we feel,  
Among such suppliants as implore  
Pitty, distributing her Hate,  
Inexorable as their Fate:  
Who will not guesse the Beauty I adore?*

*Drawn for Valentine by the*  
**L. D. S.**

**T**hough 'gainst me Love and Destiny conspire,  
Though I must waste in an unpitied fire,  
By the same Deity, severe, as fair,  
Commanded adoration and despair:  
Though I am mark'd for Sacrifice to tell  
The growing age what dangerous Glories dwell  
In this bright dawn, who when she spreads her raies  
Will challenge every heart, and every praise;

Yet she who to all hope forbids my claim  
By Fortune's taught indulgence to my Flame.

Great Queen of chance ! unjustly we exclude  
Thy Power an int'rest in Beatitude :  
Who, with mysterious judgement dost dispencc  
The Bounties of unerring Providence ;  
Whilst we, to whom the causes are unknown,  
Would stile that blindness thine, which is our own,  
As kinde in Justice to thy self as me,  
Thou hast redeem'd thy Name and Votarie :  
Nor will I prize this lesse for being thine,  
Nor longer at my Destinie repine,  
Counsel and choice are things below thy State,  
Fortune relieves the cruelties of Fate.

The



*The modest Wish.*

BARCLAY.

**R** Each Incense Boy ! Thou pious Flamen pray  
 To genial Deities these Rites we pay.  
 Fly far from hence such as are only taught  
 To fear the Gods by guilt of Crime or Thought.  
 This is my Suit, grant it Celestial Powers,  
 If what my will Affects oppose not yours.  
 First, pure before your Altars may I stand,  
 And practise studiously what you command.  
 My Parents Faith devoutly let me prize,  
 Nor what my Ancestors esteem'd despise.  
 Let me not vex enquire, (When thriving Ill  
 Depresseth good) why thunder is so still ?  
 No such ambitious knowledge trouble Me;  
 Those curious Thoughts advance not Piety :  
 Peaceful my House, in Wife and Children blest,  
 Nor these beyond my Fortunes be increast.  
 None couzen me with Friendships specious Glosse.  
 None dearly buy my Friendship with their Losse.  
 To Suits nor wars my quiet be betray'd ;  
 My quiet, to the Muses justly pay'd :  
 Want never force me court the rich with Lies,  
 And intermix my suit with Flatteries :  
 Let my sure friends deceive the tedious Light,  
 And my sound sleeps, with Debts not broke, the Night.

(c 3)

Cheer-

Cheerfull my Board, my Smiles shar'd by my Wife,  
 O Gods ! yet mindful still of humane Life,  
 To die nor let me Wish nor fear; among  
 My Joyes mix Grievs, Grievs that not last too long.  
 My Age be happy, and when Fate shall claim  
 My thread of Life, let me survive in Fame.  
 Enough: the Gods are pleas'd; the Flames aspire,  
 And crackling Laurel triumphs in the Fire.

### *E Catalectis vet. Poet.*

**A** Small well-gotten Stock and Countrey seat  
 I have, yet my content makes both seem great.  
 My quiet Soul to fears is not inur'd,  
 And from the sins of Idlenesse secur'd:  
 Others may seek the Camp, others the Town,  
 And fool themselves with pleasure or renown;  
 Let me unminded in the common crowd  
 Live Master of the time that I'm allow'd.

On



*On the Edition of M. Fletchers  
Works.*

**F***Letcher*, (whose Fame no Age can ever wast;  
Envie of ours, and glory of the last)  
Is now alive again; and with his Name  
His sacred ashes wak'd into a Flame;  
Such as before did by a secret Charm  
The wildest Heart subdue, the coldest warm,  
And lend the Ladies Eyes a power more bright,  
Dispensing thus to either, Heat and Light.

He to a sympathie those Souls betray'd  
Whom Love or Beauty never could perswade;  
And in each mov'd Spectator could beget  
A real passion by a Counterfeit:  
When first *Bellarion* bled, what Ladie there  
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?  
And when *Asspasia* wept, not any Eye  
But seem'd to wear the same sad Livery:  
By him inspir'd the feign'd *Lucina* drew  
More streams of melting sorrow then the true;  
But then the *Scornful Ladie* did beguile  
Their easie griefs, and teach them all to smile.

Thus he Affections could, or raise or lay;  
Love, Grief, and Mirth thus did his Charms obey:

(e 4)

He

He Nature taught her passions to out-do,  
 How to refine the old, and create new ;  
 Which such a happy likenesse seem'd to bear,  
 As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.

Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept  
 In the same Urn wherein his Dust hath slept,  
 Nor had he ris' the Delphick Wreath to claim,  
 Had not the dying Scene expir'd his Name.  
 O, the indulgent Justice of this Age,  
 To grant the Press, what it denies the Stage !  
 Despair our Joy hath doubled ; He is come  
 Twice welcome by this *Postliminium* ;  
 His losse preserv'd him ; They that silenc'd Wit  
 Are now the Authors to eternize it :

Thus Poets are in spite of Fate reviv'd,  
 And Playes by intermission longer liv'd.

### To Mr. W. Hammond.

**T**Hou best of friendship, knowledge and of Art  
 The charm of whose lov'd name, preserves my  
 From female vanities (thy name, which there (heart  
 Till time dissolves the Fabrick, I must wear )  
 Forgive a Crime which long my soul oppress'd,  
 And crept by chance in my unwary Brest,  
 So great, as for thy pardon were unfit,  
 And to forgive were worse then to commit,  
 But that the fault and pain were so much one,  
 The very act did expiate what was done.

I (who so often sported with the flame,  
 Plaid with the Boy, and laught at both as tame)  
 Betray'd

Betray'd by Idlenesse and Beauty, fell  
 At last in love, love both the sin and Hell:  
 No punishment great as my fault esteem'd,  
 But to be that which I so long had seem'd.  
 Behold me such, a Face, a Voice, a Lute,  
 The sentence in a Minute execute.  
 I yield, recant, the Faith which I before  
 Deny'd, professe; the Power I scorn'd, implore.  
 Alas in vain! no prayers, no vowes can bow  
 Her stubborn heart, who neither will allow:  
 But see how strangely what was meant no lesse  
 Then torment, prov'd my greatest happinesse;  
 Delay, that should have sharpened, starv'd desire,  
 And cruelty not fann'd, but quench'd my fire.  
 Love bound me, now by kinde disdain set free,  
 I can despise that Love as well as she.  
 That sin to friendship I away have thrown,  
 My heart thou may'st without a rival own,  
 While such as willingly themselves beguile,  
 And sell away their freedoms for a smile,  
 Blush to confesse our joyes as far above  
 Their hopes, as friendship's longer liv'd then Love.

### On M. Shirley's Poems.

W H E N dearest Friend, thy verse doth re-inspire  
 Loves pale decaying Torch with brighter fire,  
 Whilst every where thou dost dilate thy flame,  
 And to the World spread thy *Odelias* Name,  
 The Justice of all Ages must remit  
 To *Her* the Prize of Beauty, *Thee* of Wit.

Then

Then like some skilful Artist, that to wonder  
Framing a peece, displeas'd, takes it asunder,  
Thou Beauty dost depose, her Charms deny,  
And all the mystick chains of Love untie ;  
Thus thy diviner Muse a power 'bove Fate  
May boast, that can both *make* and *uncreate*.

Next thou call'st back to life that Love-sick Boy,  
To the kinde-hearted Nymphs lesse fair then coy,  
Who, by reflex Beams burnt with vain desire,  
Did Phoenix-like, in his own flames expire :  
But should he view his *shadow* drawn by thee,  
He with himself once more in love would be.

Eccho (who though she words pursue, her hast  
Can only overtake and stop the last )  
Shall her first Speech and human veil obtain  
To sing thy softer numbers o're again.  
Thus into dying Poetry, thy Muse  
Doth full perfection and new life infuse.  
Each line deserves a Laurel, and thy praise  
Asks not a Garland, but a Grove of Bayes :  
Nor can ours raise thy lasting Trophies higher,  
Who only reach at merit to admire.

But I must chide thee Friend, how canst thou be  
A Patron, yet a Foe to Poetrie ?  
For while thou dost this Age to Verse restore,  
Thou dost deprive the next of owning more ;  
And hast so far even future Aims surpast,  
That none dare write ; Thus being first and last,  
All, their abortive Muses will suppress,  
And Poetry by this increase grow lesse.

On M. Sherburn's Translation  
of Seneca's Medea, and vin-  
dication of the Author.

**T**Hat wise Philosopher, who had design'd  
To life the various passions of the Minde,  
Did wrong'd *Medea's* Jealousie prefer  
To entertain the Roman Theater;  
Both to instruct the Soul, and please the Sight,  
At once begetting Horrour and delight.

This cruelty thou dost once more expresse  
Though in a strange, no lesse becoming dress;  
And her revenge hast rob'd of half its pride,  
To see it self thus by it self outvi'd,  
That boldest Ages past may say, our times  
Can speak, as well as act their highest Crimes.

Nor was't enough to do his Scene this right,  
But what thou gav'st to us, with equal light  
Thou wouldst bestow on him, nor wert more just  
Unto the Authors work, then to his Dust;  
Thou dost make good his title, aid his Claim,  
Both vindicate his Poem and his Name,  
So shar'st a double wreath; for all that we  
Unto the Poet owe, he owes to thee.  
Though change of tongues stoln praise to som afford,  
Thy Version hath not borrow'd but restor'd.

On

# On M. Halls *Essayes*.

**W**Its that matur'd by time have courted praise,  
 Shall see their works outdone in these *Essayes*;  
 And blush to know, thy earlier years display  
 A dawning, clearer then their brightest day.  
 Yet Ple not praise thee, for thou hast outgrown  
 The reach of all mens praises, but thine own.  
 Encomiums to their objects are exact;  
 To praise and not at full is to detract.  
 And with most justice are the best forgot,  
 For praise is bounded when the Theam is not:  
 Since mine is thus confin'd, and far below  
 Thy merit, I forbear it, nor will show  
 How poor th' Autumnal Pride of some appears,  
 To the ripe fruit thy vernal season bears.  
 Yet though I mean no praise, I come t' invite  
 Thy forward Aims still to advance their flight;  
 Rise higher yet, what though thy spreading wreath  
 Lessen to their dull sight who stay beneath?  
 To thy full Learning how can all allow  
 Just praise, unless that all were learn'd as thou?  
 Go on in spite of such low souls, and may  
 Thy growing worth know Age, though not decay:  
 Till thou pay back thy theft; and live to climbe  
 As many years as thou hast snatch'd from Time.



## On Sir J. S. his Picture and Poems.

**S**UCKLING, whose numbers could invite  
Alike to wonder, and delight,  
And with new spirit did inspire,  
The *Thespian* Scene, and *Delphick* Lyre.  
Is thus exprest in either part,  
Above the humble reach of Art.  
Drawn by the Pencil, here you finde  
His Form, by his own Pen his Minde.

## The Union.

*Mla luxu sub odum.*

By Mr. William Fairfax.

**A**S in the Chrystal Center of the sight  
Two subtle beams make but one Cone of light,  
Or when one flame twin'd with another is,  
They both ascend in one bright Pyramid;  
Our spirits thus into each other flow,  
One in our being, one in what we know,  
In what we will, desire, dislike, approve,  
In what we love, and one is that pure love.  
As in a burning glasse th' aerial Flame,  
With the producing Ray is still the same.

*We*

*We to Loves purest quintessence refin'd,  
 Do both become one undefiled minde.  
 This sacred fire into it self converts  
 Our yielding spirits, and our melting hearts,  
 Till both our souls into one spirit run,  
 So several lines are in their center one.  
 And when thy fair Idea is impress'd,  
 In the soft tablet of my easie breast,  
 The sweet reflexion brings such sympathie,  
 That I my better self behold in thee;  
 And all perfections that in thee combine,  
 By this resuitance are intirely mine;  
 Thy Rayes disperse my shades who only live  
 Bright in the Lustre thou art pleas'd to give.*

*Answer.*

**I**F we are one dear friend: why shouldst thou be  
 At once unequal to thy self and me?  
 By thy release thou swell'st my debt the more,  
 And dost but rob thy self to make mee poor.  
 What part can I have in thy *luminous Cone*?  
 What *Flame* (since my loves thine) can call my own?  
 The palest star is lesse the son of night,  
 Who but thy borrow'd know no native light:  
 Was't not enough thou freely didst bestow  
 The Muse, but thou wouldst give the Laurel too?  
 And twice my aims by thy assistance raise,  
 Conferring first the merit, then the praise?

But

But I should do thee greater injurie,  
 Did I believe this praise were meant to me,  
 Or thought, though thou hast worth enough to spare  
 T'enrich another soul, that mine should share,  
 Thy Muse seeming to lend calls home her fame,  
 And her due wreath doth in renouncing claim.

## Pythagoras his moral Rules.

**F**irst to immortal God thy duty pay,  
 Observe thy Vow, honour the Saints: obey  
 Thy Prince and Rulers, nor their Laws despise  
 Thy Parents reverence, and neer allies:  
 Him that is first in Vertue make thy Friend,  
 And with observance his kind speech attend:  
 Nor (to thy power) for light faults cast him by,  
 Thy power is neighbour to necessity.

These know, and with intentive care pursue;  
 But Anger Sloth, and Luxury subdue.  
 In sight of others or thy self forbear  
 What's Ill; but of thy self stand most in fear.  
 Let Justice all thy words and actions sway,  
 Nor from the even course of reason stray;  
 For know that all men are to die ordain'd,  
 And riches are as quickly lost as gain'd.  
 Crosses that happen by divine decree  
 (If such thy Lot) bear not impatiently.  
 Yet seek to remedie with all thy Care  
 And think the just have not the greatest share.

Mongst

'Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread,  
 Despise not those, nor be by these mistled.  
 If any some notorious falshood say,  
 Thou the report with equal judgement weigh,  
 Let not mens smother promises invite,  
 Nor rougher threats from just resolves thee fright.  
 If ought thou wouldst attempt, first ponder it,  
 Fools only inconsiderate acts Commit.  
 Nor do what afterward thou may'st repent,  
 First learn to know the thing on which th' art bent.  
 Thus thou a life shalt lead with joy repleat.

Nor must thou care of outward health forget :  
 Such Temperance use in exercise and diet  
 As may preserve thee in a settled quiet.  
 Meats unprohibited, nor curious, chuse,  
 Decline what any other may accuse :  
 The rash expence of vanity detest,  
 And sordidnesse : a Mean in all is best.  
 Hurt not thy self ; a't nought thou dost not weigh ;  
 And every businesse of the following day  
 As soon as by the Morn awak'd dispose,  
 Nor suffer sleep at night thy Eyes to close  
 Till thrice that Diary thou hast overrun,  
 How slept ? what Deeds ? what duty left undone ?  
 Thus thy account summ'd up from first to last  
 Grieve for the Ill, joy for what good hath past.

These if thou studie, practise, and affect,  
 To sacred Vertue will thy Steps direct.  
 Natures eternall Fountaine I attest,  
 Who did the soul with fourfold power invest.  
 Ere thou begin pray well thy work may end,  
 Then shall thy knowledge to all things extend

Divine

Divine and humane; where enlarg'd, restrain'd;  
 How nature is by generall likeness chain'd.  
 Vain hope nor ignorance shall dim thy sight,  
 Then shalt thou see that haplesse men in wise  
 Their Ills, to good (though present) Deaf and Blinde,  
 And from the cure of their Misfortunes finde;  
 This only is the fate that harms and rowls  
 Through miseries successive, humane souls.  
 Within is a continual hidden fight,  
 Which we to know must study, not excite;  
 Good God! how little trouble should we know  
 If thou to all men wouldst their Genius show.  
 But fear not thou; Men come of heav'nly Race,  
 Taught by diviner Nature what to embrace,  
 Which if pursu'd, Thou all I nam'd shalt gain,  
 And keep thy soul cleer from thy Bodies stain;  
 In time of Pray'r and cleansing meats deny'd  
 Abstain from; Thy mindes pains let reason guide;  
 Then rais'd to Heaven, thou from thy Bodie free  
 A deathlesse Saint, no more shalt mortal be.

The common received Opinion that Pythagoras  
 is not the Author of these verses, seems to be de-  
 fended by Chrysippus in Agellius, Plutarch, Laertius,  
 and Iamblichus, who affirm, that the rules and Sence  
 onely were his, digested into Verse by some of his  
 Schollers. But it is not improbable, that they did  
 no more than collect the verses, and so gave occa-  
 sion to the mistake; for Laertius confesseth that  
 Pythagoras used to deliver his precepts to his Disci-  
 ples in verse, one of which was

Πῶς παρέβλεψα; τί δ' ἔπραξα; τί μοι δεῖον ἐκ ἐπελείδῃ;  
*How slips? what deeds? what duty left undone?*

Of this Opinion I believe *Clemens Alexandrinus*,  
 who cites one of these lines under his Name, and  
*Proclus* when he calls him ὁ χρυσαῖν ἱπὼν πατήρ,  
*The Father of the golden verses.*

[ *thy duty pay* ]

Νόμῳ ὅς διακῆται; Though *Hierocles* in another  
 Sence read διδόνται.

[ *thy Vow* ]

Ὁρκῶ. *Hierocles*, τίηταις ὁ δολωνόμων, observance  
 of religious Rules.

[ *Honour the Saints* ]

Ἡρώας. *Laertius* on these words explains *Souls where-  
 of the Air is full. Hierocles*, Angels, the sons of  
 God, &c.

[ *Thy Prince and Rulers* ]

Καταχθόνιος, δαίμωνας. *Hierocles* τὸς ὅτι γῆς πολιτῶν  
 δυνατόν; Capable of Government.

[ *Nor their Laws despise* ]

Ἐννομα ρίζων. *Hierocles* Πείθεσθαι οἷς ἀπολαοίμην ἡμῶν  
 παραγγέλμασι; to obey their Commands.

[ *With observance* ]

Ἐργὰ ἐποφίλιμα, that is, ἐνεργασία δευρασία; Yet *Hie-  
 rocles* otherwise.

[ *Thy*

[*Thy power is neighbour to necessity*]

Whatsoever necessity can force thee to bear, it is in thy power to bear voluntarily. If thy friend have wrong'd thee, how canst thou say, thou art not able to endure his Company, when Imprisonment might constrain thee to it? See *Hierocles*.

[*Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread,  
Despise not these, nor be by those misled.*]

So *Hierocles*, *Marcilius* reads  $\delta\upsilon$  (that is  $\epsilon\upsilon$ ) for  $\delta\upsilon$ , which best agrees with this sence.

[*what any other may accuse*]

$\phi\theta\beta\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon$  *Hierocles* interprets  $\mu\lambda\upsilon\phi\iota\nu$ , *Invidia*; so taken sometimes by *Cicero*, *Marcil*:

[*And every businesse of the following day  
As soon as by the Morn awak'd dispose*]

These two lines I have inserted upon the Authority of *Porphyrus*,  $\Pi\epsilon\delta\ \mu\epsilon\ \epsilon\upsilon\ \tau\hat{o}\ \delta\upsilon\ \pi\upsilon\upsilon\ \tau\alpha\upsilon\tau\alpha\ \epsilon\alpha\upsilon\tau\hat{o}\ \tau\hat{o}\ \epsilon\pi\iota\epsilon\mu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\omicron\nu$ .

$\text{Μήδ' } \delta\upsilon\ \pi\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\ \mu\alpha\lambda\alpha\kappa\omicron\iota\sigma\iota\nu, \&c.$

$\Pi\epsilon\delta\ \delta\epsilon\ \tau\hat{\eta}\varsigma\ \epsilon\chi\alpha\upsilon\alpha\sigma\acute{\alpha}\sigma\iota\omega\varsigma\ \epsilon\kappa\epsilon\iota\upsilon\alpha.$

$\text{Πρ\omega}\tau\alpha\ \mu\epsilon\ \epsilon\chi\epsilon\ \delta\upsilon\ \pi\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\ \mu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\phi\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\ \&\ \epsilon\chi\epsilon\upsilon\pi\alpha\upsilon\iota\varsigma\ \&c.$

$\text{Ε\upsilon}\ \mu\acute{\alpha}\lambda\alpha\ \kappa\omicron\iota\pi\omega\delta\iota\epsilon\nu\delta\omicron\ \epsilon\upsilon\ \eta\mu\alpha\tau\iota\ \epsilon\gamma\gamma\alpha\ \tau\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\alpha\upsilon\iota.$

He advised every one before he slept to repeat these verses to himself,

Nor suffer Sleep at Night, &c.

And before he rose these,

And every businesse, &c.

(f 2)

How

How much this confirms *Pythagoras* the Author, and his Schollers but disposers of the Verses ( who as it appears forgot these two ) is evident enough; The main argument they insist upon who labour to prove the contrary is derived from these words,

[*Natures eternal fountain I attest  
Who did the soul with fourfold power invest*]

Where *Marcellinus* expounds *ἡ ψυχή τετραπλὴν ἵνα ἀπὸ τοῦ ὁποῦ ἡ σκηνὴ τῆς ψυχῆς ἀρτῆται*, is autem doctor eorum *Pythagoras*, as if it were

Him who the *Terrad* to our souls exprest  
(*Natures eternal fountain*) I attest;

And then takes pains to shew that his Scholars used to swear by Him. But *μαρκελλῖνος* *ἡ ψυχή τετραπλὴν* for *ἡ ψυχή τετραπλὴν* is not without a little violence to *μαρκελλῖνος* *ἡ ψυχή* ( which makes *Iamblicus* read *μαρκελλῖνος* *ἡ ψυχή* ) *Marcellinus* in this being the less excusable for confessing immediately, *Anima vero nostra dixerunt Pythagorici quoniam quaternarius anime numerus est*, an explanation inconsistent with the other, but (as I conceive) truer; *Macrobius* expressly agreeth with it; *Juro tibi per eum qui dat anima nostra quaternarium numerum*, or as others

*Per qui nostra anime numerum dedit ipse quaternum*,

By him who gave us Life, God. In which sence *μαρκελλῖνος* *ἡ ψυχή τετραπλὴν* much more easily will follow *μαρκελλῖνος* than *τετραπλὴν*, The fower powers of the soul are, *Mens*, *Scientia*, *Opinio*, *Sensus*, which *Aristotle* calls the four instruments of judgement, *Hierocles* *ἡ ψυχή τετραπλὴν*. The *Minds* is compared



red to an unite in that of many singulars it makes one. Science to the number two, (which amongst the Pythagoreans is *numerus infinitatis*) because it proceeds from things certain and granted to uncertain and infinite. Opinion to three, a number of indefinite variety. Sense to four, as furnishing the other three. In this exposition I am the more easily persuaded to dissent from *Plutarch*, *Hierocles*, *Iamblichus* and other Interpreters, since they differ no less amongst themselves.

[*Within is a continual hidden fight.*]

Between Reason and Appetite.

[*How little trouble.*]

As *Marcilius* reads, Ἡ πορνεία, &c.

[*Their Genius*]

Ὅσω δαίμονι *Hierocles* expounds διαψυχῆ. *Genius* includes both.

[*what t' embrace*]

*Hierocles*, πάντα τὰ δεόντα, all that they ought to do.

[*from the bodies stain*]

*Hierocl.* from the Infection of the Bodie.

[*In times of Prayer*]

Ἐν τελευτῇ ψυχῆς, *Meditation*. See *Plato* in *Phaedone*.

[*and cleansing*]

Which extended (saith *Hierocles*) ἕως σίσιον καὶ πύ-  
των

τοῦ εἶναι δαίτης τοῦ θνήτου ἡμῶν σώματος, to meat and drink, &c.

[Meats denied]

what they were is expressed by *Luertius*, *Suidas*, *Hierocles*, *Agellius*, &c. *Hierocles* affirms that in these words *Ὁ ἁγίος*, he cites his sacred *Apothegms*: τὰ δ' ὅτι μὴ ἐν τοῖς λόγοις ἀποθῆγμαι, ἐν ἀποθῆγμαι παρὰ δὲ ἑαυτοῦ. Concerning meat is particularly delivered in his holy *Apothegms* that which it was not lawful to make known to every one. Which is a great testimony that *Pythagoras* and not any of his Disciples writ these verses; for if the Author had cited him before in the third person (as they argue from *ἑαυτοῦ παρὰ δὲ ἑαυτοῦ*) he would have cited him now in the first.

FINIS.

